

PERSONAL.

Miss Mary Carroll of Litchfield, Ill. is here on a visit to her brothers, Edward and William Carroll of Cedar avenue.

Miss Sarah Seaton spent Sunday at "Joseph" Cottage at Mill Run.

Miss Anna Clark of Greenwood, has returned from a week's visit in Pittsburg and Latrobe.

George Wilson and Milton Keller have gone to Cleveland where they expect to spend the next three weeks with friends.

48 kinds come, 15c lb. Artman's.

Miss Ade Leibinger left this morning for a visit with friends in Pittsburg and Trenton.

Albert Carl, dean at Defiance College at Defiance, O., has returned home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Carl of Dunbar.

Mertels means quality, quality, satisfaction guaranteed. Good assured that this name on a package indicates the finality of composition, the highest advancement in pharmacy and chemistry. There is absolutely nothing better. Look for it. West Penn Chain.

Mail Carver C. F. Raymond and wife left this morning for a visit in Scotland.

D. Percy and McLeod's Percy left

Dr. James B. Carroll of Pittsburg, was a guest Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Omer Woods on Sixth street, West Side.

Large saw boards, 10c; Artman's, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cogley have gone to Connecticut.

Mrs. John Wilber of South Connellsville, is visiting her father N. A. Barlow of Uniontown.

D. Roy Bixler has returned to New York after a month's visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Bixler of Evansville, Ind.

Good Friends, 25c; Artman's.

Miss Carrie Ledbetter of Everson is the guest of Mrs. Amanda Ledbetter and

John T. Bixler and family of Blairsville, are spending a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Bixler of the same. They are on their

Laundry soap, 10 for 25c. Artman's.

Mrs. P. M. Buttermore of the West side and daughter, Mrs. H. C. Wolf of Petersburg, Va., went to Untontown this morning to visit Mrs. Thomas Matthews, a sister of Mrs. Buttermore.

Mrs. C. W. Crim and two children have gone to Ashland, O., for a visit with the former's son, C. A. Crim. They will be absent two weeks.

Qr. fruit jars, 50c; glass top jars, 85c; tin cans, 35c doz. Artisan's

Ben Cope was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Parkhill of the West Side, over Sunday.

Mrs. Florence McDonald and daughter, Margaret, were visiting friends at

White cups and saucers, 35c; decorated, 50c set. Artman's, Miss Edith Campbell of West Newton, has returned home after a two-weeks' visit with friends and relatives in the West Side.

Robert Allen of Greenwood attended the Grangers' picnic at Royal Station, Saturday.

Curie Pierson and Paul G. Wagoner were visiting friends in West Newton yesterday.

Largest assortment aluminum ware in the city. Artman's.

James Campbell of West Newton is in town today.

L. S. Michael, the well known West Penn postmaster, has returned from a

W. L. Wright, manager of the shoe and department of the Wright-Metzler

Miss Gertrude Cypher and niece, Miss Ora Cypher, of Second street, West Side have returned from a visit in Rockwood.

part at September. Powell has been foreman of the Payette Lumber Company a number of years. In New Castle he and his son will engage in the grocery business. He will dispose of his home on North Pittsburg street.

Dinner calls, 20c. Artman's.

Mya, John Mahla, Miss Margaret Mahala, and John Mahala of McKeesport were guests of Dr.

Mrs. Sarah Burket Dead.
Mrs. Sarah Jane Burket, wife of John Burket, died last night at the family residence at Breakneck, following an attack of apoplexy. Mrs. Burket was stricken last Sunday and died without regaining consciousness.

ment without regaining consciousness. Notice of funeral later. Mrs. Burket was 64 years old, and was born near Breakneck. She was a daughter of the late Solomon and Lettie Ann Green Keffler and was widely known in Bullskin township. Besides her husband she is survived by four children, three sons and one daughter.

the following children: Frank, Albert, Norman, and Mrs. Lottie M. Bleistein, Connelleville; Mrs. Anna Dougherty, Conl Brook, and Harry, of Uniontown; the following brothers and sisters: John Koffer, of Brookwood;

James Ketter, Iron Bridge; George Ketter, Mayor; Frank Ketter, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. Anzi Miner, Breakneck; Mrs. James Martin, Breakneck.

It Can be Relied Upon.
The American Drug and Press Association authorizes its members to guarantee absolutely Meritol Hair Tonic. It has no equal. It is a wonderful remedy. A trial will con-

place you. West Penn Pharmacy, 130 West Main street.

December 16, 1773
A little affair occurred in New England
that went down in history as

The Boston Tea Party

"There's a Reason"

An English King had told his subject colonists that if they drank tea they must pay a tax on it--an unjust tax that made revenue, not for Americans but for Englishmen.

It was a tax that increased the high cost of living of those days -- and our forefathers went to the wharf where the tea ships were moored, split open the tea chests and spilled their contents into Boston Harbor thus producing the largest and most expensive bowl of tea the world has ever seen.

Today
Is repeated practically the same thing.

The Brazilian Coffee Trust, operated by foreign money kings, working outside the control of our National Anti-trust laws, have imposed a tax upon American Citizens which has raised the price of even the cheapest grade of coffee from 15c to 25c per lb.

During three past years this trust has taken **Hundreds of Millions of Dollars** from the pockets of American Citizens. It has given Brazil 85 Millions of Dollars with which to retire her National Bonds.

It has given Brazil 10 Millions of Dollars to pay interest on her bonds.

It has given Brazil a "bought and paid for" supply of coffee on hand worth 90 Millions of Dollars and---

It has paid millions upon millions of profit into the coffers of the Foreign Money Kings, and yet the coffee people report a falling off in sales of about 200 million pounds in the past two years.

Why this Heavy Reduction?

Until recently the ever increasing army of Postum users thought only of health as a "Reason" for quitting coffee. Now **Economy** is another "reason." A third "Reason," **Improved Flavor**, has come in with

Instant Postum

prepared **Instantly** by placing a spoonful in a cup and pouring hot water over it.

This presents a delicious beverage much resembling high grade Java in color and taste, but absolutely pure and free from the coffee drug "caffeine" or any other harmful ingredient.

Health, convenience, flavor and economy have induced people to change from coffee to Postum, then follow better health, freedom from headache, indigestion, nervousness and other coffee ills.

The Result---

In hundreds of thousands of American homes today, coffee is forgotten and Postum has become the regular table beverage. It is an American drink made by Americans from American products.

A 100-cup tin Instant Postum, 50c, (equals 1-2c per cup), at Grocers. (Smaller tins at 30c.) Regular Postum, large package, (must be boiled 15 minutes), 25c.

"There's a Reason"

Coffee averages about double that cost. 5-cup free sample of Instant Postum sent for 2-cent stamp for postage.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan

DO IT NOW—SUBSCRIBE FOR THE COURIER.

CONNELLVILLE EXTENSION CO.
Office, Courier Building, - - Connellsville, Pa.

Crape-Nuts

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

MEADOW MILL PLANT TO REOPEN MONDAY; IDLE THREE MONTHS

Several Hundred to Resume
Work in American Sheet
& Tin Plate Works.

\$15,000 FOR IMPROVEMENTS

Funeral for Frederick Farley, Who
Dropped Dead of Heart Disease,
Scheduled for This Afternoon at 2
o'clock; Other Sentimental News.

Special to The Courier.
SCOTTSDALE, Aug. 27.—Employees
of the Meadows Mill plant of the
American Sheet & Tin Plate Company
were notified yesterday that opera-
tions at the plant probably will be
resumed Monday, September 1. Several
hundred men will be affected.
The Meadows Mill plant was closed
down the first of June for repairs.
A new engine has been installed and
the entire interior of the mill im-
proved. It is said the cost of im-
provements and work of repairing
cost over \$15,000. The four mills at
plant No. 1 are closed because of the
breaking of the crankshaft of "Old
Nancy," the main engine.

TOURING MAINE.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Webster and
family, of Pittsburg street, are tour-
ing Maine and the northern part
of the country in their automobile.
Charles Campbell, of the Central gar-
age, is the chauffeur.

FUNERAL TODAY.
The body of the late Frederick
Farley, who dropped dead on a street
in Pittsburg Friday evening, was
brought to the home of John Muller
yesterday afternoon. Funeral ser-
vices will be held this afternoon at
2 o'clock with interment in the Scot-
tish cemetery. Farley was a former
resident of Scottsburg, being employed
as a steamfitter at the Meadows Mill and
went to Scottsburg in 1909. An ex-
cellent electrician, he was born in
England and came to Scottsburg where
a young man. He was in work in the
mill at which time he worked until
his death. He was a member of the
M. M. Lodge, and formerly a mem-
ber of the Veterans of the Depart-
ment of this city. The department
will attend in a body.

RUTH KELLY.
Ruth Kelly, the one-year-old
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas
Kelly, of Meriden, died Saturday
and the body was brought to the
home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kelly,
of South Clinton street. This
morning, when funeral services were
held, interment in the St. John's
cemetery.

MARRIED MONDAY.
Thomas Kelly, of Pittsburg, and
Miss Edith Hensinger, of Iron Bridge,
were married at Greensburg Monday.
IMPROVEMENTS PLANT.
The Meadows Mill plant, which will
play the first picture on the
treated No. 1 grounds, is now being
improved. The work of the plant
also will be the winner of a prize
contest will present a strong team.

HERE FROM KANSAS.
Mr. and Mrs. James H. Lister, of
Kansas, are spending the month
of August at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. J. C. Lister, of Kansas, who
are residents of the Meadows mill
and she was married at the Meadows
mill during her absence from it.

GOING TO SEATTLE.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Zimmerman
and Miss Edith Hensinger, of the
Meadows mill, are going to Seattle
for a few weeks' visit with Miss
Hensinger's brother, Ralph, and his
family. They will stop off in Chicago
and visit the family of Mr. and Mrs.
Hensinger, of the Meadows mill.

RETURNED HOME.
Mr. and Mrs. James A. Lister, who
yesterday after a two weeks' visit
with the family of Mr. and Mrs. J. C.
Lister, of Kansas, are returning home
from their trip to Seattle. Mr. Lister
is a member of the old Lister
family and his absence from it is
greatly missed.

Mt. Pleasant.

MT. PLEASANT, Aug. 27.—Miss
Maria Brown, aged 87 years, is dead
at her Alton home, of chronic
heart trouble. After an illness of
quite a while, she has been making
her home with the family of Alton.
Funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock
this afternoon with interment in the
Alton cemetery.

Veronica Mitchell, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. M. Mitchell, is a student
of the University of Chicago. The
child was two months old and will
be buried today in the Alton cemetery.
Marlene Childs, died at her
home of complications. Interment
will be made in the Alton cemetery
today.

Miss Ruth Taylor, of the New York
Institute of Musical Art, who will
teach the violin department at the
Mt. Pleasant Scientific and Musical In-
stitute, has come here from her home
in Buffalo, N. Y.

Joe Hensinger and Robert Cunningham
have returned at Convent Lake
for a few days.

John Hensinger and son, Joseph, of
Scottsburg, are visiting on friends' home
yesterday.

Mrs. Anna Powell and daughter,
Helen, of Meadows mill, spent the
week with her mother, Mrs.
Clayton.

Mrs. J. J. Hensinger and Miss Mary
Hensinger were shopping in Pittsburg
yesterday.

Miss Ethel Carbaugh has returned
home from a trip to Buffalo and
Niagara Falls.

Mrs. A. B. Henderson and family
have returned from a trip to
friends at McKeesport.

Misses Vera Shively and Mabel
Hensinger were callers in Greensburg
yesterday.

Have The Daily Courier delivered
at your home or office every day.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES

No American teacher or adult student
need go without higher training,
no matter how deficient his early edu-
cation may have been. The summer
school has solved the problem. In
many ways the growth of the summer
school movement is one of the most
interesting aspects of education in the
United States. About one-third of the
colleges and universities hold summer
sessions, and many of the normal
schools have taken up the idea. Dr.
Philip H. Clifton, United States
Commissioner of Education, has just
returned from a visit to a number of
the schools in the South and Middle
West, and reports a remarkable in-
crease in attendance and interest.
At the Summer School of the South,
Knoxville, Tennessee, there were 2,195
students this year, representing 30
States and three foreign countries; 195
courses were given. At Wooster, Ohio,
which began a few years ago with 49
students, there were about 1,100 in the
session just closed. The State of Ohio
alone has four or five thousand teach-
ers attending summer school every
year.

Particularly significant is the growth
of summer schools in the Carolinas,
where the movement has been particu-
larly active. At the University of North
Carolina there was an attendance of 450
this year, just double last year's en-
rollment. At the normal school at
Greensboro, North Carolina, a session
of eight weeks was held, the first in
the history of the institution, and 200
enthusiastic teachers were in attend-
ance. At the summer session of the
Winthrop Normal College, Rock Hill,
South Carolina, particular attention
was paid to problems of industrial edu-
cation and night schools, and many of
the teachers who participated in the
work. These are but a few of many
indications of the marvelous spread of
the summer school idea all over the
country.

The sand bin, the slide, the giant
slide, the horizontal bar, indoor bas-
ketball, all kinds of games and sports,
courts for volleyball and tennis ball,
running track and jumping pit, and a
skating rink where the climate permits
these are some of the desirable
features of an up-to-date play-
ground. It is pointed out by Henry B.
Curtis in a bulletin just issued by the
United States Bureau of Education.
Mr. Curtis shows how the attitude of
the public has changed in the last
few years, since the first great play
movement was started. The physical
education of the child is no longer
regarded as a luxury, but as a neces-
sary part of his training. The modern
spirit requires that it shall be
roomy, inviting, well cared for,
open at all times to the children, and
equipped with every safe means for
enjoyable, profitable play.

George Peckham, college for the
Teaching of Teachers, at Nashville,
Tennessee, is attracting wide atten-
tion in its effort to raise a million
dollars for its endowment fund. The
college is conspicuous for its high aim,
believing that "the most urgent
educational need of the South is
training of teachers." It seeks to fur-
nish the leadership. It seeks to do
so by teaching in the South "what
the world and John Hopkins have
learned for medicine and what Teachers
College of New York has done for
teaching." The amount needed for
the new undertaking is \$1,500,000,
and the trustees of the Peckham fund
have offered \$500,000, promising the
college will raise the million.

A striking instance of the prevailing
reconstruction of American life is af-
forded by the German Protestant
Theological School of the Northwest,
where a group of students showed
the following races represented: Jew,
Bohemian, Mexican, German, Slavak,
Russian, Japanese. The basis of the
work of the school is German, in
character, but the curriculum empha-
sized the German course, and the
languages and mathematics are taught
in English; while other languages are
taught as required.

In Rome, in the time of the Re-
public, 60 days in every year were de-
clared public holidays recognized by
law. The American Republic has
not reached such a number of holi-
days, but its schools surpassed if long
ago, says the current report of the
United States Bureau of Education.
The document points out, however,
that there is now a wholesome trend
away from the custom of granting an
overabundance of school holidays.

"We find widespread within the
schools, as in the community, the dis-
tinction of intellectual activities, in-
stead of being only those things by
which one can inhibit immediately
the needs of the many," declares
bulletin (1912, No. 14). Just issued
by the United States Bureau of Edu-
cation. Devotion to education is
looked upon as selfish in an un-
marked at once by selfishness and a

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot
reach the diseased portion of the ear.
There is only one way to cure deafness,
and that is by constitutional remedies.
Deafness is caused by an inflamed con-
dition of the mucous lining of the ear-
drum tube. When this tube is inflamed
it has a running sound or imperfect
hearing, and when it is entirely closed,
deafness is the result, and unless the in-
flammation can be taken out and this
tube restored to its normal condition,
hearing will be destroyed forever; also
cases of otitis media, or catarrh, which
is nothing but an inflamed condi-
tion of the mucous surface.

Do not fail to get the Little Ear Cure for
deafness, caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by
local applications. Sold by Dr. J. C. Cheney, & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

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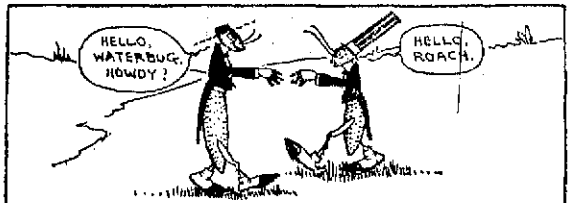
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local applications. Sold by Dr. J. C. Cheney, & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

MR. WATERBUG'S FIND



JIM ROACH WAS VERY VERY POOR.
BUT WATERBUG WAS POORER.
AND YET OLD JOHNNIE WATERBUG
WAS QUITE A BIG EXPLORER.



SAID JOHNNIE WATERBUG TO JIM:
"I'M POOR—OF COURSE YOU'VE HEARD
BUT I'LL BE RICH FOR I HAVE FOUND
THE NORTH POLE ON MY WORD."

DAVIS BAKING POWDER

The best that can be made. Retail for less than other
so-called "best" Baking Powders—hence ECONOMY,
if nothing more, should induce you to use it. A little
goes a long way and every bit counts.

Sold by all good Grocers. Insist on having it.

quickerened conscience."

The importance of rest periods in
school work and of as much fresh air
as possible is emphasized by recent
scientific investigations, which have
shown that the condition of the blood
circulation in children is far less fa-
vorable after mental exertion in
school than after hard physical ef-
fort.

Italy is transforming her State re-
formatory into institutions that shall
be schools, rather than prisons. To
encourage this enlightened attitude
the authorities are sending the insti-
tutions thus reorganized after promi-
nent educators.

Madison has 2,757 elementary
public schools with 2,600,000 pupils.
The 1912 budget for education is
\$72,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is
for teachers' old age pensions.

Twenty-nine German universities
had 23,415 students in the winter
semester 1911-12, as compared with
24,822 in the preceding semester.

Nearly 5,000 students from foreign
countries studied at American insti-
tutions of higher learning in 1911.

On August 20th 1770,
Sullivan defeated the In-
dians. He was a great
credit to the successful
results of the credit
for our success.

What success we have had
we have worked for. We have a
definite policy of giving our best
efforts to every order whether it
be a contract for important con-
struction work or for building
materials of any kind.

You get our best
every time to matter what the
size of your order. That's the
secret of our success.

Connellsville Construction
Company,
402 First National Bank,
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

A Happier To-Morrow

will be yours if to-night you will
seek the beneficial aid of the famous
and ideal family remedy Beecham's
Pills. Nervous depression, or the
"blues," is one of the symptoms
of a condition quickly corrected
by the reliable and quick-acting

BEECHAM'S PILLS

When the system is clogged—the
bowels and liver and kidneys in-
active—then the digestion is sure
to be impaired and the nerves to
lose their tone. Beecham's Pills
induce the organs of digestion to
work properly and thus this un-
rivalled medicine has a tonic effect
upon the whole system. Beecham's
Pills do not vary—they act always
in accordance with their great
reputation; mildly and safely but
quickly. In every way—in feel-
ings, looks and vigor—a better
condition Beecham's Pills

Assure You

Sold everywhere. 10c, 25c.
The directions with every box are very helpful

Reunion Miller Family Killarney Park

Saturday, Aug. 31

Train leaves city at
8.45 A. M.

Round Trip Rate
66c.



On August 20th 1770,
Sullivan defeated the In-
dians. He was a great
credit to the successful
results of the credit
for our success.

What success we have had
we have worked for. We have a
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efforts to every order whether it
be a contract for important con-
struction work or for building
materials of any kind.

You get our best
every time to matter what the
size of your order. That's the
secret of our success.

Connellsville Construction
Company,
402 First National Bank,
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

ICE CREAM

Beck or Bulk
On sale every day in the week

Collins' Drug Store
117 S. Pittsburg St.,
Both Phones.

Our Fountain Favorites
Fruit Chocolate, Cherries,
Mango Dip, Nut, Pineapple,
Banana Split, Raspberry,
Marshmallow.

Wear Horner's
Clothing

Wear Horner's
Clothing

Wear Horner's
Clothing

Wear Horner's
Clothing

Wear Horner's
Clothing

Wear Horner's
Clothing

THREE YEARS OF MISERY

Mrs. Burnside Escaped an Op-
eration by Taking Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound.

Mahoningtown, Pa. — "For three years
I suffered untold misery every month,
and had to stay in
bed the first two or
three days. I also
had a displacement
and other ailments
peculiar to women.
I became so weak
and run down I could
scarcely walk across
the floor.
"The doctor told
me I would never be
well unless I would
undergo an operation, but I was advised
by my mother to take Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound and after I had taken
four bottles I am strong and well. I
have got others to take your medicine
with the same good results and they can-
not say enough for it." — Mrs. J. A. BURN-
SIDE, Mahoningtown, Pa.



Thousands of unsolicited and genuine
testimonials like the above prove the ef-
ficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-
ble Compound.

Women who suffer from those distress-
ing ills should not lose sight of these facts
or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound to restore
their health.

If you have the slightest doubt
that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-
ble Compound will help you, write to
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.
(confidential) Lynn, Mass., for ad-
vice. Your letter will be opened,
read and answered by a woman,
and held in strict confidence.



HAW! HAW!
First Briton—I say, it's deuced odd this
being in society.
Second Briton—How so, old chum?
First Briton—Why, to keep in it you
must be continually going out, don't you
know.



Walk
Right
In
—to our store
and we'll fit you
with a pair of
Regal Shoes that
you can walk
right in. Regals
insure perfect fit
and comfort.

THE REGAL STORE

Horner-Crowley Co., Limited.
N. Pittsburg St., Connellsville

are the greatest shoe-values
in the world, and we have
the exclusive sale of
them in this commu-
nity. You can take
our word for it—
Regals give almost
twice the service of
ordinary shoes.

\$350
\$400
\$450
\$500

FOR
GRAPHS AND
DIARRHOEA
USE
DR. McNEIL'S
PAIN EXTERMINATOR.

TAKE A TEASPOONFUL IN HOT
SWETTED WATER
10c, 25c, 50c

For sale by W. A. Reighley, Drugist,
Connellsville, Pa.

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Connellsville, Pa.

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Connellsville, Pa.

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Connellsville, Pa.

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Connellsville, Pa.

For sale by W. A. Reighley, Drugist,
Connellsville, Pa.

KOBACKER'S THE BIG STORE

Only a Little While to
Wait for the Grand
Opening of this Big
New Depart-
ment Store.

The work of putting new fixtures in
place, receiving and in inspecting thousands
of dollars worth of new merchandise, mak-
ing low prices and training an efficient sell-
ing force, is progressing very fast.

We feel that we must hurry for this is
the kind of store that the people of Con-
necticut have been waiting for and they
must not be allowed to wait long.

When the Big Store is ready it will pre-
sent to the people of Connecticut and vicin-
ity a new store, new ideas, new methods,
new merchandise, new fixtures and in fact
it will be the dawn of a new era in merchan-
dising that we feel is the long desired
want of every shopper in this locality. It
will be a store where you can feel at home—
where you can buy the sort of goods that is
best fitted for your wants without paying
the extravagant prices that are so common
with most department stores.

Wait for the opening—and opening
sale of Fayette County's new and best de-
partment store. It will more than pay you
to wait.

ON PITTSBURG ST.

NEW FALL GOODS Early Announcement.

It is a little early; the middle of August, to announce fall
and winter goods, yet the Union Supply Company are now receiving daily,
large consignments of their fall and winter merchandise. The goods
coming in consist of men's and boys' clothing; mens and boys shoes;
women's and misses' and children's wraps of all sorts; suits and shirt
waists. Large lines of shirts for men, neckwear, suspenders, hats, etc.
To complete our fall purchases, our store managers are now in the
markets, and within a few days our stores will be loaded with large
and complete stocks in every department. A few odds and ends in
summer goods are yet on hand, but are being closed out rapidly. If
you want to buy them, they are yours for a very low price.

We Take this Early Opportunity To Call Attention of the Women

to our very complete lines of Suits, Wraps, Shirt Waists, and other
made up garments, that we are now showing, for women, misses and
children. We also take this opportunity to call their attention to our
very complete and large lines of dry goods, foreign and domestic, in-
cluding everything a woman needs for personal attire and household
use. We will not specify further; we only want you to know that we
have the goods.

UNION SUPPLY CO.

63 LARGE DEPARTMENT STORES,
Located in Fayette, Westmoreland & Allegheny Cos.

Footer's Dye Works

It's a Positive Fact That

Is Safest and Best

T HAT linen suits can be re-dyed by us near original or darker
shades

T HAT silk stockings and slippers can be dyed to match
gowns and costumes by our improved Processes.

T HAT by our special facilities, canvas slippers and shoes,
summer dresses and gentlemen's flannel and outing suits
can be cleaned like new.

A trial will convince you.

J. W. McClaren, Agt.

118 W. Main St. Both Phones.

FOOTER'S DYE WORKS FOOTER'S DYE WORKS

SIMPLE HOUSE GOWN.

An Odd Whimsy
In Button Trimming.

IN WHITE COTTON SATIN.

This simple house gown was designed for a young French actress. The material is white cotton satin, and the plait down the front gives height and dignity. The arrangement of the buttons, half under the buttonhole, is an odd whimsy.

DRESSMAKING BIDS.

Contracts For Sewing Awarded In Businesslike Fashion.

Letting out the making of a summer wardrobe to the lowest bidder is a new wrinkle to the dressmaker who was recently invited to participate in such a contest.

"I have a number of gowns, separate blouses and shirt waists, which I wish made up by June 1," wrote the woman who had the contract to let. "Will you kindly call at my house for particulars and make an estimate of charges?"

The dressmaker went and named a figure. When she came back she said she never felt so important in her life.

"It was like bidding for a government job," she said, "and when I agreed to make up so many yards of taffeta, dimity and linen for a certain sum, I felt as if I were running a company."

The dressmaker went and named a figure. When she came back she said she never felt so important in her life. "It was like bidding for a government job," she said, "and when I agreed to make up so many yards of taffeta, dimity and linen for a certain sum, I felt as if I were running a company."

Reversible Satin Coat. The turned back fronts of this French coat show the color of the under side.



BLACK SATIN COAT WITH GOLD LINING. In effective contrast with the black satin of the outer side. The coat is made of reversible satin, with dull gold on the reverse side.

Women In Panama.

The government of Panama has just appointed Miss Agnes Ewing Brown, an American woman, director of the normal schools for girls at Panama.

The New Hat Tilt.

If you wish to be fashionable wear your hat on a gentle slope just touching the right eyebrow and contrive if you can not to look rakish, but quite seriously comical. If you like and if the gods or your hairdresser has seen fit to provide you with hair to twist and coils at the back you may reveal the fact. You may even have puffs at the side and take the public into your confidence about it.

But out of doors you must conceal the fact that there is any hair on top or wandering in waves or kink curls over your forehead. Not a strand of hair should show in front, which is all very well so long as the hat is on, but if we follow the fashion pretty nights we shall all look as soon as our hats are removed. One can foresee a revival of the great theater hat difficulty.

THE CLOCK OF DEATH.

It Was the First Astronomical Timepiece Made in England.

The clock at Hampton court palace derived its unpleasant title by reason of a superstition that whenever any one long resident in the palace dies the clock immediately stops. It is of record that when Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I., died the old timepiece was striking four and that it stopped almost before the last stroke sounded. Since that time it is said to have repeated this grisly proceeding each time a royal personage within its jurisdiction died.

At any rate, the clock has an interesting history quite aside from this. It was the first astronomical timepiece made in England, being constructed in 1540 for Henry VIII. Thirty-two years ago it was brought out of a shed where it had lain neglected for nearly half a century, and by order of the then secretary of the office of works it was re-erected in the courtyard opposite the entrance to the state apartments. There is historical evidence to the effect that it was built by one Nicholas Crabtree, a German astronomer who came to England at the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey.

This old timepiece tells the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, the phases of the moon and the age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London bridge. The time required to wind it is half an hour every week. The weights have a descent of over sixty feet.—Harper's.

THE VANISHING SEA COW.

A Marine Curiosity That Is Rapidly Nearing Extinction.

One of the largest fish that has inhabited the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the south Atlantic coast of this country and which is almost extinct is known as the manatee. It was found in great numbers a century ago, and even a few years back this creature was quite plentiful in certain localities.

It is very gentle for a large fish and usually captured in heavy nets, which are usually stretched across the mouths of rivers emptying into the south Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico. The flesh is very delicious and brings a high price, having a strong resemblance to the very finest veal. The skeleton is valued at \$100, and the skin if removed properly and cared for by those who understand its properties will bring a like amount.

This fish is often from ten to twelve feet in length and weighs about 2,000 pounds. It is so gentle it will not strike the light craft that happens to be near it, and when captured it shows no resistance whatever.

It is safe to say that in the next quarter of a century this creature will become extinct unless specimens are preserved simply to prevent the complete loss of one of our most wonderful sea creatures.

It lives wholly on salt water vegetation and growths found in the mouths of the rivers emptying into the sea.—New York World.

The Spell of London.

The greatest of modern French poets, Paul Verlaine, fell instantly under the spell of London, even though he came to it as an exile to earn a wretched living as a teacher of French. "As a whole," he wrote, "it is very unexpected and a hundred times more amusing than Italy or Paris or the banks of the Rhine." And again: "The docks are wonderful—Carthage, Tyre, all rolled into one." He deplored the lack of clean cafes, but nevertheless, "No matter, this incredible town is very well, black as a crow and noisy as a duck." In Verlaine's view London had no monuments except the docks. He ignored Westminster, the Tower and all the sights. For him they do not seem to have existed.—London Chronicle.

Uncle Sam's Public Printer.

The United States public printer has charge of all business relating to the public printing and binding. He appoints the officers and employees of the government printing office and purchases all necessary machinery and material. The foreman of printing has charge of all matter which is to be printed. The following are the official heads of the several departments: Public printer, secretary to the public printer, attorney, deputy public printer, Congressional Record clerk, superintendent of work and superintendent of documents.

Her Secret Sorrow.

"Mrs. Whitley impresses me as one who had something in her past life to make her unhappy. I never can look at her without feeling that she is the bearer of a secret sorrow of some kind."

"Well, she is. She told me once that she could never be quite happy again because she used to be the wife of a man who later married another woman with whom he appeared to be living in a state of bliss."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tuppence Saved.

McAndrews (the chemist at 2 a. m.)—Two pennorth of bicarbonate of soda for the wife's indigestion at this time of night when a glass of hot water does just as well. Sandy (hastily)—Well, well, thanks for the advice. I'll no bother ye, after all. Good night!—Pearson's.

Defined.

"Ta," said the young hopeful, "what does dining à la carte mean?" The father did not know, but he did not wish to show his ignorance. "It means," he explained, "that is—er—it means eating in a lunch wagon."—Exchange.



WASHINGTON AS A JUMPER.

The Father of His Country Was a Champion In His Day.

There is an athletic record of which every American ought to be proud, although it is not found in any sporting chronicle. It was made by George Washington of Virginia and was a running broad jump of twenty-two feet three inches.

Exactly when and where Washington made this jump is not known, but it seems to be historical.

Thackeray refers to it in "The Virginians," where he tells of the jumping match between Harry Warrington and Lord March and Ruden. Harry wins with a jump of twenty-one feet three inches against his lordship's eighteen feet six inches. In his letter to Virginia, Harry says he knows there was another in Virginia, Colonel G. Washington, who could clear a foot more.

If Thackeray's figures are correct Washington must have been a wonderful athlete. He could easily have won any intercollegiate championship competition up to 1880 and most of the national championships. Then, too, it must be remembered that the future Father of His Country did not wear spiked shoes like the athletes of today, nor did he have a cinder path for his "run," nor a five inch plank for his "take-off." These improvements not having come into general use as early as the middle of the eighteenth century Washington today would be a record breaker.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SING A SONG OF FASHION.

Feminine Fancy In Dress. Ah, ladies, when Fashion's strings. What of the style of skirt called "cling-ing?" So this that you and light show through it. As thousands are aware who view it. With little underneath but nature. To constitute the clinging feature. So skirt as to cause a modest man to wonder if the oddest sculpture ever carved or molded. Were not in public now unfolded. Ladies appear in the streets. Makes one wish you were a barrat. And if by chance you are not knowing. That you are taking such a showing. Oh, and some lower the stile as you To see your— as there are you! —W. J. Lampton.

Miss Chard.

Chard is the blenched leaves, leaf sticks or midribs of certain plants, as of the globe artichoke and white beet, also a variety of white beet. Swiss chard beet, leaf beet. In cooking Swiss chard for greens the wide white midribs are cut out and the green leaves served alone, the ribs being cooked separately and served like asparagus, for which they are an appetizing substitute. Then, for a change, a dish of leaves and ribs together is served as greens, but this always seems a waste of good material when either is better alone. The housewife who is not a gourmet, but who is a good housewife, may be left when the table is cleared, or the cows and pigs will dispose of it, so that not a leaf need be wasted. All things considered, Swiss chard is one of the most satisfactory plants a gardener can raise.—Exchange.

They Were Once Slang.

If we had never allowed slang to legitimize itself in orthodox language where should we be today? A reference to old slang dictionaries gives the answer. Take Grose's, published at the end of the eighteenth century—the "dictionary of the vulgar tongue," by the first lexicographer who recognized the word "slang" itself. We find him classing under it such words as bay window, bedizen, bet, blunder, budget, begone, capon, grouse, churl, cox, cobbler, cur, domineer, eyecore, gabby, dog, dog, fondling, fuss, rag, malingerer, messmate, snorter, slump, slum, rascal, trip and yelp. Wait until the next anti-slang purist uses one of these words and then confound him by reference to Grose.—London Chronicle.

Thankful For His Escape.

"It's useless to urge me to marry you. When I say no I mean no." "Always?" "Invariably." "And can nothing ever break your determination when once you make up your mind?" "Absolutely nothing." "Well, I wouldn't care to marry a girl like that, anyhow."—Boston Transcript.

A MAN'S MOTHER.

Just a Little Reminder to the Son Who May Have Forgotten.

But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not the eight or ten hour day of the union, but the twenty-four hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirty lips, covering restless little sleepers listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph. She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked. She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows.

Remember this now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something on account this very night. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Rushing Things.

The young man breezed into the old man's library. "I met your daughter," he announced, "at a 15th avenue reception. I want to marry her next Friday afternoon at 3:30. She's willing."

The old man turned to his card index.

"Which daughter?" he asked. "The Miss Eber."

"All right," said the old man. "Make it 4:30 and I'll attend the wedding. I have an engagement at the other hour."

It was so ordered. This is a snappy age.—Pittsburgh Post.

A Game of Colors.

Let each player choose a color. Then everybody sit in a circle on the floor. The leader throws a handkerchief at one of the players, at the same time calling out the name of a flower three times. If the one having the name of the color that flower represents fails to answer once while the leader is calling the flower three times he or she is made the leader, and if the person the leader threw the handkerchief to fails to catch it he or she is made to pay a forfeit.

Different.

Daughter—Since it is your wish, dear parents, that I should marry the rich old brewer I consent, although he is seventy years old. Mother—But he is only sixty. Daughter—Sixty! Tell him to ask me again in ten years.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

A Subsidy.

"I see so much in the newspapers about subsidies. What does a subsidy mean, Frank?" "A subsidy, Grace, is where I give you \$25 for going to see your mother instead of having her come to see you."—Judge.

Ambassador Reid Third.

The discussion arising over a question of precedence at a recent London dinner party brings out the fact that the American ambassador, Whitelaw Reid, is the third in rank among the diplomats accredited to the court of St. James.

Wedded Bliss.

Wife—So you don't like my new dress. Well, I'm not surprised. You haven't half the taste that I have. Husband (sarcasm)—Our marriage proves that.—London Telegraph.

Bureau of Information.

Stranger—Can you tell me where I will find your bureau of vital statistics? Farmer Brown—I kin give you the village dressmaker's address. She knows the age of every woman in town.—Life.

The Inevitable.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an end view is to put on your overcoat.—James Russell Lowell.



TOE IN NO DANGER. Big Sister—Look out, Willie, that you don't get caught by the undertow. Willie—An' I dare sh't no crabs here.



NOTHING DOING. He—I feel just like proposing to you right here. She—Well, I'll tell you right now that you're getting into deep water.



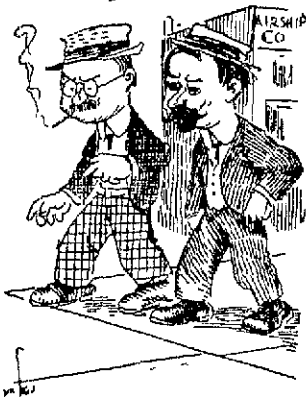
DON'T TELL IT. Say, Hiram, this teabacker is all day. It's all the paper it's wrapped in and all day.



A LATER BULLETIN. Cholly—I suppose you heard that your sister and I became engaged night before last. My—Sure. But that ain't de latest. Sis not ON ENGAGED to another fellow last night.



TRY AGAIN. Re—What's new than a big bluff overlooking the ocean? She—If you mean yourself, I've seen lots nicer things.



PROBABLY NO EXCEPTION. Jones has invented an alibi. "That's bound to be a success." "Why so?" "All his other schemes have gone up."

Worried About Some Business Matter?

Suppose you come in and talk it over with one of our officials. We may be able to give you just the advice or assistance you require. We're here to help you in every legitimate way to make your business a success.

If you are not getting our monthly Review of Trade Conditions, ask for it. It's FREE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
"The Bank That Does Things for You"
123 WEST MAIN STREET, CONNELLSVILLE, PA.
Complete Foreign Department. Drafts and Money Orders on all parts of the world.

Efficient Service and Courteous Treatment

Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies, with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our special 3% accounts. If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

Our Customers Always Receive the Preference.
If you have a little ready money it will pay you to open an account with us, become acquainted, and take advantage of our service.

The Colonial National Bank
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.
Corner Main and Pittsburg Streets.
4% Interest paid on Certificates and Time Deposits. Foreign Department equipped to give the best of service.

FOR THE HOME

You wish to own an interest in—do you saving money towards its purchase? Begin by taking out a savings book at Our Savings Department today—save steadily, systematically, week by week and the cash you require to pay for a home will soon become a fact—not a theory! Hundreds have thus become home owners—why not you?

4% Interest paid on savings.

Union National Bank, West Side, Connelville, Pa.

The Yough National Bank,
126 W. Main St., Connelville, Pa.
Capital and Surplus..... \$150,000
Total Resources..... \$900,000

4% Interest Paid on Savings.

4% Interest on Savings Accounts
SECOND NATIONAL BANK
Connellsville, Pa.
Safe Deposit Boxes in Steel Vaults for Rent.

Consumptives Helped by Tuberculosis Medicine

It is folly to believe that Consumption differs from every other disease in not requiring the use of any specific medicine for its cure. The trouble has been that none was known until the many cures secured by Eckman's Alternative began to be realized. Now, for ten years, an enormous mass of voluntary and thankful testimonials from persons who consider that they owe their lives to this remedy have been accumulating. It is a fact of time to demonstrate its lasting value. You can write to any of them here is one: 625 Grand Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Gentlemen: In the winter of 1903 I had an attack of Consumption, followed by Pneumonia, and later by Consumption. I grew steadily worse in the winter of 1904, and in the spring of 1905 I had enough night sweats, fever and retched quantities of awful looking stuff and later I had many hemorrhages at one time, three or four successive days. I could keep nothing down. Three physicians, having said I was ordered to the mountains, but did not go. Eckman's Alternative was recommended by a friend. After taking a small quantity I had the first quiet night's sleep for weeks. My improvement was marked from that time. I gained strength and weight and appetite. I never had another hemorrhage, and my cough gradually subsided until finally gone. I am perfectly well. Everything I say here can be verified by my family and friends."—J. J. LOTHMAN.

Eckman's Alternative is effective in Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung troubles, and in upbuilding the system. Does not contain poisons, opium or any forming drugs. Ask for booklet or card cases and write to Eckman's Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa. for booklet or card cases. For sale by all leading druggists and

The Benefits of a Reserve Fund

are realized and a appreciated whenever the demand comes for ready cash. Have you started such a fund? Begin now. Open an account with us.

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

Title & Trust Company
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Connellsville, Pa.
Oldest Savings Bank in Fayette County.
Capital and Surplus \$425,000.00.

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Storage building for all purposes, the best in Connelville. The building is fire proof. Centrally located. See us before placing your goods. Pianos moved and piano holding our specialty.

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Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by
MAY TUTTLE

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Illustrations by
V.I. BARNES

"Fire. No one wants to steal them. No one has an opportunity. I'd like to see a thief get away with that big fellow. Jenkins sits on the steps all winter with a gun."

"Are they protected now?"

"Well, not with a gun. There's no need when we are here."

Hap tried the card room door as we descended. It gave to his touch and swung open. He switched on the lights and looked about. The room was quite in order. I couldn't see any cause for the pucker between his eyes. He lighted a cigarette and smoked it thoughtfully as we descended the stairs. He smoked where he pleased; he had learned to put the ashes in his pocket. Occasionally he would remove his cigarette from his lips, regard the lighted end intently, then stifle or frown, and smoke again. I watched the performance, highly amused.

"A clue, Monsieur Locoy?" I whispered.

"I'm a fool," he replied. "I'm letting my imagination run away with me."

"I can prove an alibi this time," I pursued blithely. "I haven't been in the card room for a month."

"Please don't, dear," he said quickly.

He was quite serious about it. A sly jump cut into my throat. My feelings were always near the surface when he was serious. I glanced up and met that look in his eyes. I was never going to be able to take care of

"Who locked the door, Burrows?" he asked, when we reached the lower mail.

"It wasn't locked, sir."

"You are quite sure, Burrows?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"What was Thomas doing in the picture gallery?"

"I didn't know he was there, sir."

"How long has he been here, Burrows?"

"Since we came to the country, sir."

Whatever else Hap intended to say was not said. There was a commotion in the drawing room, a scurry of feet and the overturning of a chair. Natalie had fainting.

Some one Mrs. Higginson believed it was, was shrieking excitedly to get her into the open air, but Jo reached her first, stretched her on the floor, fopped her over, and deftly and quickly unhooked her dress. She gave Natalie's corset strings a pull and released them. Hardly a minute later Natalie, with her head on Jo's knee, opened her eyes. She was a bit bewildered and confused, but all right.

To seat for a while to cover Natalie's somewhat disarranged toilet, and when she had quite recovered John Cromwell and Benny Bliss assisted her upstairs.

"I wonder if she lost anything that time?" Jo said to me when we were alone.

I stared at her, startled.

"Then you think—"

"I think if she did the thief is a woman, as Mr. Hazard thinks," Jo replied calmly. "The men got out when I started to undress her."

"It almost looked as if you did it purposely."

"I did. When I saw her fall I thought of what you told me of her fainting at the reception in town. I acted more quickly than I thought. I tried to remember who was near her."

"Well," I demanded excitedly, when she didn't go on.

"Some one in dark blue."

"Mrs. Sargent," I said.

"And the very fat one?"

"Mrs. Higginson."

"And—really I don't remember. She was standing near a window, I think."

"Jo, where was the duke?"

"At the piano, all the way across the room." She regarded me questioningly. "I'd really like to know if she—she lost anything."

"I knew a way to find out," I said. "Ask her."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Midnight Watch.

I knocked upon Natalie's door. Minette opened it. Instead of finding Natalie in bed, as I expected, she was sitting near an open window, surprisingly rue.

"Can I do anything for you?" I inquired.

"Nothing thanks, unless you'll stay and talk to me," she replied, rather cordially. "I feel quite well and cheerful and I can't account for fainting. Won't you sit down? It's sweet of you to come, dear."

I looked after Minette's retreating figure.

"I came to ask you a question—an impertinent question," I said frankly, for it was that, and I hated to be hypocritical about it. "But I'd like to stay with you if you really care to have me. I hope you'll think I'm interested and not curious. Did you give any of your jewels when—when you fainted?"

"No."

"I can't say that I was surprised; I know I said so, and I'm relieved."

"I'm awfully glad. It looked as if you

much like—once before, that I was afraid you had."

"You have no cause for worry. You were not even there, my dear."

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed. "I was not thinking of myself."

"It's going to tell you something," she said suddenly. "Something I had decided to keep to myself. It's true I did not miss anything when I fainted, but I was not wearing all my jewels."

"Tonight I yielded to an impulse in wearing them. I had what the poker players call a hunch. I was sure if I left them here they would be taken. But there were too many, they looked absurd, and at the last moment I removed six bracelets, a pendant and a ring of pearls. She arose and crossed to her dressing-table. "I've been keeping everything locked since the ruby was lost. Every day I have put the jewel box in a different place. Tonight, when I decided to leave some of the jewels behind, I put them in the box, yielded to another impulse, and slipped the box under the pillow on my bed, where it never had been before. I didn't lose anything when I fainted, but the jewel box is empty!"

She opened it.

"Poor Natalie!"

"But you must tell it," I urged when I had sufficiently recovered from the shock of it. "It's too important not to. Everybody here is in danger unless—"

"I did not go on, but involuntarily I glanced at the door where Minette had gone out."

"I will not suspect Minette," she said firmly, nothing the wiser. "She is as true as my mother when I was born, and she doesn't steal. There are thousand ways to prove her innocent."

"I know that in the same thought I suspected her, and I remembered Laura's argument that Minette was not at the reception in town, or the Abercrombies. Also that at the very minute the ruby was stolen Minette was giving Natalie a message. Minette distinctly was innocent."

"No, I shall not tell it," Natalie pursued, "not yet, anyhow. It's too absurd. And I shall rely upon your discretion, my dear. When we see what happens to Mr. Abbott, then—"

I came to my feet with an exclamation.

"You believe Mr. Abbott guilty?"

"I refuse to believe anything," she replied coolly.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but I thought you once told me you were sure Mr. Abbott was not a thief."

"That was before I knew about the emerald bracelet. My dear, I can't reasonably believe he's innocent now. There isn't another emerald bracelet like that in the world. Detectives found it in Mr. Abbott's possession. He doesn't deny it; he can't."

"But they didn't find the ruby, and whatever it was you lost at the Abercrombies," I protested.

"A sapphire and a diamond bracelet," she replied.

"And before that? He's shirking some one," I burst out. "I know it; I feel sure of it."

"What?"

"I shook my head. Every time I tried to conjecture I brought up against a blank wall."

"Mr. Cromwell will surely make him tell—will find a way," I declared. "That's what a lawyer is for. Anyhow, he didn't have anything to do with the ruby." I clung to that tenaciously. "He was at home, Laura telephoned, and he answered."

"I don't want to think of it any more," Natalie drawled. "I don't understand it and I'm not trying to. I'm not going to sleep tonight. If I can help it, I shall sit here all night with the light on, my remaining trinkets in my lap, grumped firmly—so! In the morning I shall go to town and look them in a safe deposit; then I'm going to Europe, unless I have to stay here about the trial. When the detective comes tomorrow he can look after everything else. He won't have to bother about me."

"I'll sit up with you," I told her. I went toward the door. "I'll be back presently when my sister is asleep, and we can amuse ourselves with double dummy. I don't mind sitting up."

"You haven't such a thing as a revolver?" she asked.

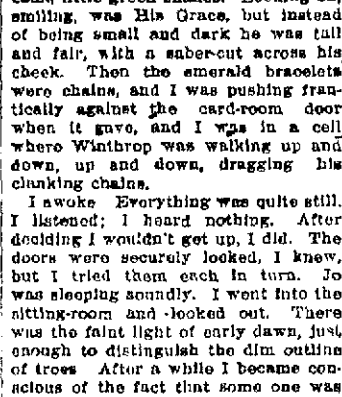
"Jo has," I replied. "She carries one in the car, but I wouldn't pull the trigger for an empire. I'll bring it, though, if you want it."

"Thank it," she said.

"I didn't tell Jo the whole truth. I said Natalie didn't lose anything when she fainted, and she didn't. When Jo was asleep I went back to Natalie and took the revolver. We played double dummy with the wicked little weapon on the table, and talked about everything except thieves, until two o'clock. Nothing happened. A little slice of the dying moon hung in the west, but I saw only a pallid light outside. I couldn't keep from yawning. Both Natalie and I were growing stupid. Finally she suggested that I get some sleep, and she would read. She wasn't afraid with the revolver, for she said she could shoot and shoot straight, but perhaps she, too, would go to bed. The acute patered out as the morning dawned; our night vigil began to look a bit wild and absurd."

I yawned good night and went. I think I was asleep before I touched the bed. I dreamed, and the dreams were not pleasant. I saw Winthrop, his arms covered with emerald bracelets, he plucked at them and they became little green snakes. Looking on, smiling, was his Grace, but instead of being small and dark he was tall and fair, with a sash-cut across his cheek. Then the emerald bracelets were chains, and I was pushing frantically against the card-room door when it gave, and I was in a cell where Winthrop was walking up and down, up and down, dragging his clanking chains.

I awoke. Everything was quite still. I listened; I heard nothing. After deciding I wouldn't get up, I did. The doors were securely locked, I knew, but I tried them each in turn. Jo was sleeping soundly. I went into the sitting-room and looked out. There was the faint light of early dawn, just enough to distinguish the dim outline of trees. After a while I became conscious of the fact that some one was



The Blaze of an Electric Light Was
Flashed in My Eyes.

moving below. I strained my eyes to see, my heart beating wildly. Then I knew it was—Winthrop! He moved across the lawn. I saw him stop raise his arm and rub the back of his head. I couldn't be mistaken in that gesture. I think he turned back once then the dim outline of his figure retreated, and was lost in the direction of the beach.

While I stood there wondering, my brain in a muddle of conjecture, staring after Winthrop, something else moved on the lawn below. I looked straining my eyes through the pale dawn. A man, yes; that much was obvious. Vaguely the figure seemed familiar, and suddenly it came to me—Thomas, the footman! But not this rigid, liveried servant now; a quick-moving, alert, crouching, creeping Thomas. He darted across the lawn and vanished in the direction Winthrop had gone.

I was getting back into bed, too bewildered for connected thought, when I heard a sharp, quick noise like the falling of a hammer or some heavy object on the floor. The sound seemed to come from overhead. There was no one overhead, unless some one was in the gallery! I had no business investigating, but I did. A sudden thought pushed forward in my now wide-awake mind that Jo had acted strangely about the gallery.

I unlocked my door carefully. Natalie's light was out. No doubt she had decided to go to sleep. I stood there beside my door for perhaps two minutes, perhaps ten—it seemed to be a century—and finally my waiting was rewarded. The sound came again just overhead, but this time muffled, and I was sure I heard footsteps. It never once occurred to me that I was going into danger when I went toward the steps leading from the wing to the floor above. I wanted to know who was in the gallery at that time of the night—or morning.

I reached the top of the steps, feeling my way carefully. The corridors were quite dark, for the shades were drawn, keeping out what little light there was, but I knew the steps to the gallery were just to my right. Before I turned to ascend that second flight I felt there was some one near me. I put out my hand, but drew it back quickly. I had not touched anything, but I was scared blue. My fright must have made me lose my bearings for the moment.

My hand came in contact with a door—I knew it was the card-room door. I pushed it open and went in. I tried to control my wildly beating heart and my stampeding courage. Once I thought of switching on the light, but I—I was afraid of the light. It occurred to me that I was in a ridiculous position. The duke's suite was just beyond. If he should hear me, and he, too, should decide to investigate—

I knew one thing, that I was going back to my room instantly and let the noise in the gallery take care of itself.

When I moved, my foot came in contact with something. Again my absurd fright until I had assured myself that whatever it was it was not going to harm me. I stooped and picked it up. It was soft—a cloth bag. A thought came like a lightning flash—a bag—with jewels! I clutched it to my breast and jerked at the door. When I turned in the direction of the wing I felt, I knew, some one again was in the hall. I couldn't find the stairs to the wing! Whoever was there near me moved!

In that instant the blaze of an electric light was flashed straight into my eyes.

"Miss Codman!" I heard in a tone of utter surprise. I had no recollection of ever having heard the voice before.

I screamed, and turning, rushed

blindly in the direction, as I thought, of the wing. My feet touched—space! I plunged forward headlong and went down, down, down into darkness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Bag of Loot.

When I regained consciousness, John was putting me on the couch in my sitting-room, and there was a jumble of faces before me—Jo, and Laura, and Mrs. Hazard, all badly frightened, clutching at unfastened dressing-gowns. Natalie was there, too, but I did not see her at first.

"I'm afraid she's badly hurt," John was saying. "Did Doctor Graham answer, Hap?"

Hap was crushing my hand within both of his, hurting me, but I didn't want to say so. Everything was terribly confusing. My right shoulder was hurt; the doctor said afterward I must have struck the wall as I plunged down the steps into the wing, and that saved me, perhaps, from breaking my neck. It was later discovered that my right arm was broken, when I remembered the bag I had picked up and couldn't feel it.

"The jewels!" I cried.

"Jewels!" everybody repeated in one tone—a tone of surprise.

"I had them when I fell," I said. "A bag of jewels."

Hap groaned. I'm sure he thought I was out of my head, and after a great deal of fuss he managed to get a drink of brandy down my throat—what he didn't spill down my neck. But John went out and came back presently with the bag. It was a dark green cloth bag like lawyers' carry their—whatever they do carry in them. And thrown into it, like so many potatoes, was about the most beautiful collection of jewels I have ever seen. There was a silk stocking—Lydia's—containing more jewels; and Mrs. Higginson's hot-water bottle.

"A thief would never look for jewels in a hot-water bottle," I quoted hysterically.

When I remembered again John was sitting at my desk with the glittering mass spread out before him. Every one had crowded around him, except Hap, who was kneeling beside the couch, holding my hand desperately and listening for the sound of the doctor's car. I remember that it had occurred to me how beautifully the lavender brocade dressing-gown John wore and the soft pink of his kimono harmonized—and lavender and pink usually don't.

"Where did you get them, Louie?" Jo asked. "What happened, dear?"

My head was buzzing; there was a pounding in my ears. Her questions seemed to make a jumble of my thoughts.

"Why, of course, I must tell you," I tried to think clearly. "I—I found them—found them in the card-room."

"Yes, dear," Jo soothed. "What were you doing in the card-room?"

"I heard a noise in the gallery and wanted to see—see—I—I found them—found them in the card room."

Everybody looked up at me. Natalie glanced quickly at Mrs. Hazard, a glance Laura intercepted. I sat up suddenly.

"Surely you don't think I took them!" I fell back against the pillows again with a groan, but it was because little unseen devils tortured me when I moved.

"She must not talk," Laura exclaimed. "Don't question her. It isn't fair. She doesn't know what she is saying. For Heaven's sake, why doesn't the doctor come?"

Jo set down her hand helplessly. "There was nothing anybody could do until the doctor did come."

"I think there's lost here from everybody," John remarked. "It's a jolly mess."

From the mess he separated Dorothy Abercrombie's green hand with the ruby eyes, Mrs. Abercrombie's moonstone set with sixteen large diamonds, and that crazy bow-knot collar of Mrs. Sargent's. Then Natalie pointed out other things she recognized. But there was left a jumble of suitcases, handbags but nondescript; rings and pendants, bracelets and brooches that only their owners could identify.

"Everybody but myself," Natalie said finally. "There's not a single thing there of mine."

Somehow it seemed to me there ought to have been in the bag those things she lost earlier.

"You had a pistol," I said weakly, thinking of it.

"Yes, but no one knew it but you!" said Natalie. And if a good, clear thought had come to me out of my throbbing head I would have seen what everybody saw later.

"The thieves were in the gallery!" I tried to tell them. "I heard—I heard a hammer fall. I went to see—suddenly I thought of Winthrop, and I closed my lips tightly for fear I would say I had seen him there on the lawn."

"Yes, dear," Laura soothed. "We'll look. The thieves are gone now, but we have the jewels, so it's all right. No harm done. John will hold a levee after luncheon and return them."

I supposed it occurred to John what a job that was going to be, especially as he was apt to have a crowd of hysterical women on his hands any minute. He tumbled the jewels back into the bag as Doctor Graham's horse reared the air, and was just about to pull the string securing them.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed. "This is my bag!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Disappearance.

Dawn found me lying on the couch in my sitting-room, pale and a little sick from the ether, with my right arm neatly bandaged and a bruise on my shoulder about as big as a turkey-platter. Doctor Graham, after mixing some vile stuff—losetics are brutish about medicine—cheerfully turned to discuss it with Jo, apropos of the

search of the gallery for any signs of disturbance. Nothing unusual was found anywhere, except the door at the bottom of the steps leading to the tennis courts was open, and a hammer that was proved did not belong to any one connected with Lone Oak was lying on one of the courts. The thieves had made good their escape during the commotion that followed my plunge down the steps into the wing.

When I awoke from the sleep the doctor prescribed it was noon. The room was fragrant with flowers and there was a huge bunch of pink roses that I knew had not been cut at Lone Oak. Laura was with me, and Celia tearfully hovered in the background. Celia brought my breakfast and Laura explained that Jo had gone, reluctantly to play golf with John Cromwell, who decided not to go to town.

"There's a nurse coming," she concluded.

"Nurse!" I exclaimed. "What do I want with a nurse? I'm going downstairs tonight if I can get a sleeve over this arm."

"To prove I could get up, I did, but I was rather trembly."

"Louie, it was too funny about that silk stocking and the hot-water bottle," Laura laughed gleefully.

"Has everybody discovered the robbery?" I asked.

"They were up shrieking before tea," she told me. "John had an awful time getting things straight. There are ten suitcases still in doubt. I think Dorothy and Mrs. Sargent will have to toss for them. Funny, isn't it, people don't know their own jewels?"

"Did any one else hear the racket we made last night?"

"No," she replied. "No wonder they were robbed. Mrs. Cutler thinks there must have been an attempt to chloroform her. There was no cloth or anything that has been saturated, but the odor of chloroform was in her room. Thank Heaven, there's no way to implicate Winthrop in this."

Winthrop! I closed my lips tightly again. No one but I knew he had been there on the lawn; so one but myself was going to know it. But Thomas! The thought startled me. He knew it. But—

Laura finally broke the silence with one of her startling questions: "Louie, are you going to marry Hap?"

I shook my head decidedly.

"Why not? Won't you tell me? Have you a reason, dear?"

"Yes."

She paled a little. I didn't know why at the time.

"Won't you confide in me?" she pleaded. "And let me help you. I can help you, no matter how difficult it is."

She was very winning and sweet. I intended to tell her jokingly my reason was that her mother really had intended me as a piece-maker for her, and that I'd have to be free to encourage the eligible until she was quite sure just who she wanted to marry, but I was weak, and the tears were very near the surface. Two blimmed over and rolled down my cheek. I couldn't joke.

"You love him—don't try to deny it. Why are you giving him life with me?"

"I can't let him spoil his life with me," was what I said after all. "I couldn't spoil your chances with his Grace if you decide to want him."

"What you confide in me?" she pleaded. "And let me help you. I can help you, no matter how difficult it is."

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